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PUTNAM'S
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For Travellers and the Fireside.

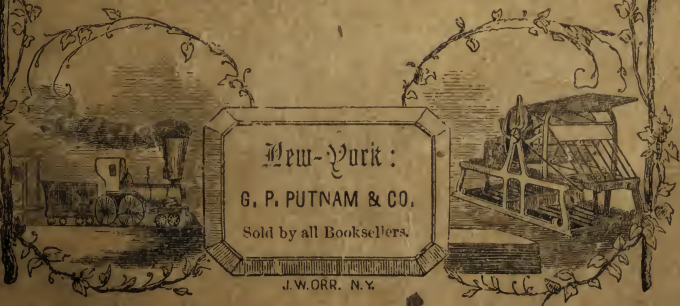
Humorous Series.

Whims and Oddities.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

With Woodcuts.



No. XVII. [COMPLETE IN ONE VOL.] Sept. 15, 1852.

THE FAVORITE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

Geo. P. Putnam, 10 Park Place.

I.

Queechy.

By the author of The Wide, Wide World. The twelfth thousand. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth, $1 75.

"Queechy is indeed a work of uncommon interest and ability"—*Boston Traveller.*

"A careful examination of 'Queechy' will, we think, convince her admirers, that in her former work the author was but pluming her wings for a bolder flight. The simple beauty, the deep interest, enlivened by true humor—the unobtrusive but earnest spirit of piety and truth that pervade Queechy—commend it to all."—*Literary World.*

"It is essentially a domestic story, with a high moral aim; and shows capital powers of observation, narrative, skill and excellent management of dialogue. It is just the book for an intelligent and exemplary family circle. The sympathies of old and young will be elicited, and amusement be found charmingly blended with instruction."—*Home Journal.*

"Her descriptions are fresh, and fragrant of the scenes from which they drew their inspirations. The volumes contain numerous gems of picturesque description. The work certainly exhibits a high order of talent; imagination, enthusiasm and creative power are all here."—*Tribune.*

"Queechy will prove as fascinating as its predecessor. The author's peculiarities are traceable throughout the work. We like them. There is an odd mingling of different characters, so very different that the reader has some anxiety lest the author fail in the end. These masterly strokes surprise but never disappoint. Their purpose is always most cleverly fulfilled. Aside from its merits and attractions as a tale, it has a moral value that will endear it to the hearts of all readers, young and old. Its influence will be most healthful and lasting; and no parent need fear placing it in the hands of his child."—*Worcester Palladium.*

"The story has great naturalness and kindliness of feeling, a quiet good sense, and an excellent purpose. It is taken up chiefly with domestic feelings and rural scenes; its dialogues are practical and its descriptions graceful. The book is thoroughly imbued with the genial atmosphere of the country, and is the product of a true womanly nature."—*Courier and Inquirer.*

"The charm of this writer consists in her vivid, graphic delineations of character and of nature. Minute touches show the hand of a skilful discriminator, and she paints a scene so that you can no more forget it, than you can one which has been stamped upon your heart by a personal experience. A still higher merit of the author, is that she breathes through her writings, the true spirit of religion."—*Salem Gazette.*

"The present work is even more worthy of success than the last; and by its brilliant descriptions, high-wrought tone and accurate delineations of character, cannot fail to command a lofty position in American romance."—*Albany Express.*

"It has merits that are even superior to the almost faultless excellence of the *Wide, Wide World.* It is written in a more sparkling, polished and vigorous style, and in many respects we like the characters and general tone of the work better. The descriptive powers of the author are very great, and in many of the almost matchless scenes so vividly and naturally portrayed in 'Queechy,' they are brought into full play. We heartily recommend the work to the perusal of all our readers."—*Albany State Register.*

"Some of its characters are sketched with an almost matchless skill. The long talk which is held between a nice little girl, and a stern, selfish, misanthropic old Englishman, who had taken greatly to her, during a residence in Paris, is so natural that one almost seems to hear the living voice, and so significant of character, that one involuntarily pauses, to measure the distance between the two characters that are presented. Beside the exceeding naturalness of the descriptions, there is a sprinkling of religious thought and feeling, throughout the work, which will recommend it to a large class of readers."—*Albany Argus.*

"The demand for this book, founded on the astonishingly rapid reputation acquired by the author in his previous work, is altogether without precedent. Every body buys and reads 'Queechy,' and every body exclaims, 'How charming!' The story is told with such liveliness and force, and the narrative exhibits such a boundless variety of scenes, characters, and incidents, that a greater amount of entertainment and instruction is drawn from it than from a whole library of ordinary books. It is for sale in nearly all our book stores."—*Scott's Weekly Paper, Phila.*

II.

The Wide, Wide World.

By Elizabeth Wetherell. Sixteenth ed. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth, $1 50.

"The most valuable work of the kind I have ever read. It is capable of doing more good than any book, other than the Bible. It is more valuable than Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, inasmuch as it is free from doctrinal and polemical matters, and by its home scenes, and the recollections which it excites, appeals more strongly to our sympathies. Every Sunday School ought to be furnished with a copy, and every child and every parent should read and re-read it."—*Newark Advertiser.*

"The authoress writes with liveliness and elegance. Her power of discriminating and presenting character is great, and an air of cheerful piety pervades the whole work."—*London Athenæum.*

"We have looked over it sufficiently to form the conclusion that the author is clever, not deficient in sprightliness of manner, and considerebly versed in good old English reading."—*Post.*

"It is not a love-sick story, but one in which the various scenes of real life are vividly portrayed, in a series of animated conversations, the interest of which is well sustained to the close. It has a good moral tone."—*Hartford Courant.*

"Our eye has rested upon some passages of fine writing, and some of genuine wit."—*Albany Argus.*

"We find it lively, chatty and gossiping—sometimes graceful, witty and always facile and smart."—*Springfield Rep.*

III.

Dollars and Cents.

By Amy Lothrop. Fourth ed. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth, $1 50.

"The new novel under this title which, in spite of the name of "Amy Lothrop," which appears on the title-page, we are constrained to believe the work of the same hand that wrote 'The Wide, Wide World' and 'Queechy.' As far as we have read it, it contains constant resemblance to the style of this writer, but it strikes us a much better book than either of them The rural scenes, which predominate in it, are admirably drawn; the characters have great individuality and freshness, and the whole construction of the story is much more artistic than either of the two other stories. It deserves a wider popularity than either of them has obtained."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"Our friend of the 'Evening Bulletin' has ushered these volumes into notice with the bold conjecture that 'Amy Lothrop' is only another ruse of the lady who has won such golden opinions (golden *eagles* too, we trust,) under the name of 'Elizabeth Wetherell.' This lady's publisher, as well as herself, knows too well the pecuniary advantage of such an extraordinary popularity as the 'Wide, Wide World,' and 'Queechy' have obtained, to be willing to bring out a third book from the same pen, as a mere adventure. We think, therefore, the 'Bulletin' has not been well advised in its conjecture. At the same time, the reader of 'Dollars and Cents' undoubtedly feels himself in a moral and intellectual atmosphere so much akin to that which has charmed the world in the other two books that have been named, that we are not surprised at the conjecture, though we do not admit its truth. Strong as are the points of resemblance between 'Elizabeth Wetherell' and 'Amy Lothrop' there are yet differences, general and special, which we think will strike the attentive reader, while both these writers are decidedly religious, the religious sentiment does not so completely pervade the work of the latter. 'Dollars and Cents,' as the very title may import, is more decidedly a worldly affair. 'Elizabeth Wetherell' is a perpetual well-spring of the most tender pathos; 'Amy Lothrop' is a playful fairy, who beguiles us much more frequently with laughter than tears, and whose creatures address themselves more directly to the fancy than the heart.

"But we had no intention, on beginning this rambling paragraph, of entering into a formal disquisition about either of these charming writers. Our object will have been gained, if we have succeeded in conveying to our readers the strong impression of our own mind, that the author of 'Dollars and Cents,' though assuredly *not* 'Elizabeth Wetherell,' is yet destined to rank in the same noble sisterhood of genius."—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

PUTNAM'S

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

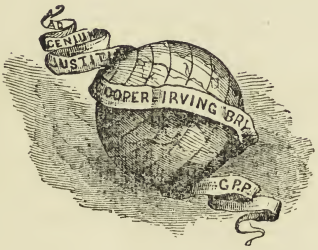
BY THOMAS HOOD.

L. Price. Randall.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES,

In Prose and Verse.

BY THOMAS HOOD.



A NEW EDITION.

New York:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 PARK PLACE.
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Dedication,

TO THE REVIEWERS.

WHAT is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;—
The Critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone.

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PREFACE.

WHEN I last made my best bow in this book, I imagined that the public, to use a nautical phrase, had "parted from their best bower;" but it was an agreeable mistake. The First and Second Series being now, like Colman's "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into one," a request is made to me, to furnish the two-act piece with a new prologue. Possibly, as I have declared the near relationship of this work to the COMIC ANNUAL, the Publisher wishes, by this unusual number of Prefaces, to connect it also with the Odes and *Addresses*. At all events, I accede to his humour, in spite of a reasonable fear that, at this rate, my Sayings will soon exceed my Doings.

To tell the truth, an Author does not much disrelish the call for these "more last words;" and I confess at once that I affix this preliminary postscript with some pride and pleasure. A modern book, like a modern race-horse, is apt to be reckoned aged at six years old; and an Olympiad and a half have nearly elapsed since the birth of my first editions. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that what was done in black and white has not become quite gray in the interval;—to say nothing of the comfort, at such an advanced age, of still finding friends in public, as well as in private, to put up with one's Whims and Oddities.

Seriously, I feel very grateful for the kindness which has exhausted three impressions of this work, and now invites another. Come what may, this little book will now leave four imprints behind it,—and a horse could do no more.

T. HOOD.

WINCHMORE HILL,
January, 1832.

IN presenting his Whims and Oddities to the Public, the Author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The Author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

At a future time, the Press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone and purpose,—which the Author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humorous; but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work, that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never "meant to draw" —any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope. Those who look at his designs, with Ovid's Love of Art, will therefore be disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram's rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects; but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner,—

when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective, he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven — that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's Sleeper,—"with all their errors."

Such as they are, the Author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a New Series.

ADDRESS

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first edition of Whims and Oddities being exhausted, I am called forward by an importunate publisher to make my best bow, and a new address, to a discerning and indulgent public. Unaffectedly flattered by those who have bought this little work, and still more bound to those who have bound it, I adopt the usual attitude of a Thanksgiver, but with more than usual sincerity. Though my head is in Cornhill, my hand is not on my Cheapside, in making these professions. There is a lasting impression on my heart, though there is none on the shelves of the publisher.

To the Reviewers in general, my gratitude is eminently due, for their very impartial friendliness. It would have sufficed to reconcile me to a far greater portion than I have met with of critical viper-tuperation. The candid journalists, who have condescended to point out my little errors, deserve my particular thanks. It is comely to submit to the hand of taste and the arm of discrimination; and with the head of deference I shall endeavour to amend (with one exception) in a New Series.

I am informed that certain monthly, weekly, and very many every-day critics have taken great offence at my puns:—and I can conceive how some Gentlemen with one idea must be perplexed by a double meaning. To my own notion, a pun is an accommodating word, like a farmer's horse,—with a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind;—it will carry single, however, if required. The Dennises are merely a sect, and I had no design to please, exclusively, those verbal Unitarians.

Having made this brief explanation and acknowledgment, I beg leave, like the ghost of the royal Dane, to say "Farewell at once," and commend my remembrance and my book together, to the kindness of the courteous reader.

ADDRESS

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

IT is not usual to have more than one grace before meat—one prologue before a play—one address before a work,—Cerberus and myself are perhaps the only persons who have had three prefaces. I thought, indeed, that I had said my last in the last impression; but a new Edition being called for, I came forward for a new exit, after the fashion of Mr. Romeo Coates—a Gentleman, notorious, like Autumn, for taking a great many leaves at his departure.

As a literary parent, I am highly gratified to find that the elder volume of Whims and Oddities does not get snubbed, as happens with a first child at the birth of a second; but that the Old and New Series obtain fresh favour and friends for each other, and are likely to walk hand in hand, like smiling brothers, towards posterity.

Whether a third volume will transpire, is a secret still "warranted undrawn" even to myself;—there is, I am aware, a kind of nonsense indispensable,—or sine qua non-sense,—that always comes in welcomely to relieve the serious discussions of graver authors, and I flatter myself that my performances may be of this nature; but having parted with so many of my vagaries, I am doubtful whether the next November may not find me sobered down into a political economist.

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WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

December and May.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."
SHAKSPEARE.

I.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified;"—"Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!

II.

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

III.

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

IV.

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men,—I mean—I'll be the best *alive!*
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
"I thank ye, Sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!"

Moral Reflections on the Cross of St. Paul's.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball.*
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.
Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle,
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.
Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!
And what is life? and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting, too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They 're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high-cross!
Since he would be,—as near the sky,
—Fourteen hands high.
What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Oh me! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball!*

VERY DEAF, INDEED.

The Prayse of Ignorance.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MOST GRAVE AND LEARNED FACULTY OF PADUA, BY THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

NOW your Clowne knoweth none of the Booke-man's troubles, and his dayes be the longer: for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burden withal, and goes to a tune which no man knows but himself. Alsoe, he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our Poets, their Pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely belike is ycleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would faine become Shepherdesses, by hook and by crook, and get green gownes, and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets: or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayinge, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdesare whistlynge and hoppynge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white hawthorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherdlike waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepes'-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a

cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrye, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haires of his head; but with the other he handleth the fair neck of his mistresse, who sitteth discreetlye upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as bescemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouth, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the pretty Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And, quoth she, as he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet billed bird, that I must needes crye "Aye." Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parishe Churche, that they may be joyned into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the waye upon egges. And Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herselfe all round about, and content her eyes upon her own devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes, towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye, to think how that he is going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a

stoute harte; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth:—

"Here I bee Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this parishe—but now in this tomb.

> "Time was that I did sowe and plough,
> That lyes beneathe the furrowes now;
> But though Death sowes me with his graine,
> I knowe that I shall spring againe."

Now, is not this a life to be envyde which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures? For, saving the Law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls: wherein your Clown is constantly a figure of Poetry—being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, O! that I were a Boore! Oh! that I were a Boore! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot reade, and is mayde into Poetry, that yet is no Poet; for how sholde he make songs that knoweth not King Cadmus, his alphabet to prickle them down withal?

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede, nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge—which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe.—But the Poet sayth to his mate, Thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe,—That the Boke Man is a Dunce in being Wise,—and the Clowne is Wise, in being a Dunce.

MISS TREE.

A Valentine.

OH! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burn'd so blue,
It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers: and it boded true,
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;

Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage; just stopp'd before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
Illum'd within by glow-worms of the grave;
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh!

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
As broken victuals to the worms will go;
And all the world will dine again but me—
For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
As now thou art: but will not tears of woe
Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep,
Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming
And pray with mingled penitence and dread
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
Will eat into my heart, as if in stone:

And all the lovers that around thee move,
  Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
"Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
  And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
  My hand is destin'd for another deed.
But one last word wrung from its aching core,
  And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

A Recipe—for Civilization.

The following Poem—is from the pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—*boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle) —with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,—as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation;—and cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*, —without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *the Immortal Bard of Avon!*——will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
  That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human—

Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape,
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he's black or white,
But *rational*,—for so we call
The only COOKING ANIMAL!
The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where's the lion e'er was hasty,
To put his ven'son in a pasty?
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding
Are still distinguished as they eat,
And raw in manners, raw in meat,—
Look at the polish'd nations, hight
The civilized—the most polite

Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water cresses,
And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions;
Thus fopling clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?
Or serve a dish of fricassees.
To clodpoles in a coat of frize?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now, (this premised,) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,

(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary;
And, as we have prov'd, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans;)
But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have work'd her course
As men of war do—when their force
Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple?
Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
And raise them such a savoury smother,
No negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old black broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratia—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lin'd with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men,
(To show they are more than A. B C. men,)
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,

* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.

And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But, the naked truth is stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wig-wams—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief,
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they 've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle,
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridg'd from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)

And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,
(Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon!—

"THE COOK'S ORACLE."

Love.

O LOVE! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school?
A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-fac'd wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster tilting at a wedding ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel?
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither, now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

"Please to ring the Belle."

I.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answer'd the door.

III.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe:
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

My Son, Sir.

IT happened, the other evening, that, intending to call in L—— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W——, seated beside the Urn, his eyes shaded by his hand, was catechising his learned progeny, the Master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical contrast, between the fretful, pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed so painfully, to bring forward his wisdom-tooth, and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W—— was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole,—besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously, that the poor urchin was fain,—for the sake of a little play,—to get into school again.

I hate all forcing-frames for the young intellect,—and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for rais-

ing the babe-mind to unnatural levels. I pity the poor child, that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw—and was never so maliciously gratified, as when, in spite of all his promptings and leading questions, I beheld W——, reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inaptitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already "What was a Roman Emperor?"—without requiring an interpretation of *the Logos?*

"TELL ME, MY HEART, CAN THIS BE LOVE."

On the Popular Cupid.

THE figure above was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe Lambert—a caravan-

prodigy of grossness; but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.

In sober verity, Does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus?—

> "Pillow'd in a lotus flow'r,
> Gather'd in a summer hour,
> Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
> Which would be a tall ship's grave!"

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth—in the smallest of cots? Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on Love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda indeed believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambush'd in her perilous blue eye?

It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or rather, is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion: in his constancy—because he looks sedentary, and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt—from his great pinguitude. That he burneth with a flame—for so all fat burneth; and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs—from his size.

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the posture of elephants; nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying—being of corpulent

habit, and a short neck. Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—*for she hath never a sty in it.*

"SON OF THE SLEEPLESS!"

The Spoiled Child.

MY Aunt Shakerly was of enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a Continent, the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres; her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body, like the feather-bed of Ware. The waist, which in other trunks is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh: her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary. When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river-breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her waterside promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted, he declined tacitly such a Fairlopian Fair. The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible—such as Thames Street—through the narrow pavements; others—like the Hill of Holborn—from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations,) was a matter of her serious despondency,—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature,—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by

often repeated indulgences and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers: it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

Oh, my tender cousin !—— (for thou wert yet unbaptized.) Oh ! would thou hadst been—my little babe-cousin—of a savager mother born ! For then, having thee comfortably swaddled upon a backboard with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up out of harm's way above the mantel-shelf, or behind the kitchen-door ; whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair !

In the mean time, the " Herald" came. Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper: when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer—the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still. So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing-chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath—found its way into the upper air: but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the " Herald" from end to end. When she did rise, which was suddenly, the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

" Heyday !" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion ; and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanac not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs at the

heels of the housemaid, and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour floor, in a fit. At the very glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction in three words:

"Ah—the apoplexy!"

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edgeways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—But I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

* * * * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the Coroner to sit on the body: but my uncle replied, "There was no need." "But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural." "My dear Madam," interrupted my uncle, "it was a natural death enough."

THE SPOILED CHILD.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

THE BALLAD OF

"Sally Brown, and Ben the Carpenter."

I HAVE never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown, and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal benefit at Covent Garden; and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the

wherry-men of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall; and, overland, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards—not the mail coach, but the Life Guards—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others, all going to one air, against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap Printers of Shoe Lane and Cow-cross (all pirates!) disputed about the copyright, and published their own editions; and in the mean time, the Authors, to have made bread of their song, (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the street. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Balladmongers: it has cost, but has never brought me, a half-penny.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

An Old Ballad.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She rous'd, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But Oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow:"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heav'd a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

A Complaint against Greatness.

I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas, I sink under the world of—myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then,

or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four year's old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's, not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage—and, doubtless, the prize-emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been "commended by the judges."

Wearisome and painful was my Pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-wagon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, Oh ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the way-side, how it tempted my natural longings—the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he

labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant—in the catalogue—is a "Durham Ox, *fed by himself*, (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake."

I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull merchant or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak loaded with that rank yellow abomination, (the lamplighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of Old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed, (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honoured the broiled slices of a prize bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honourable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of imagination, the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after ruminations. Oh! let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no

beneficial ends, worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fireman,—of killing frogs,—than by exciting them, at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen, to a mortal inflation.

"O, THAT THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!"

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

The Mermaid of Margate.

"Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!"
HUDIBRAS.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter:

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen;
For when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate;—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd!"

And away she went, with a sea-gull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water hillocks all seem'd to him,
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreas'd—his moments of life
Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
Of the nightshade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen;
It might have given his spirits a lift
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
"Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
O! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt drops
That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel return'd that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

A Fairy Tale.

ON Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood:
The walls of white, the window shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest,)

On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he lov'd the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower,
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace, unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r.

But tir'd of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relaxed themselves with Whittington,

Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,
And magic fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a-feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
Or Durham feed;
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;

And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse—who could?—two tales at once;
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach,—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing,
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,

There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

Fancies on a Tea-cup.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, —witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets—are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample,) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage; only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is

aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-Beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birthday celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

PERE LA CHAISE.

Equestrian Courtship.

I.

IT was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his Angel was up in the sky.

II.

His love was great, tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all;
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had naught to say.

III.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke:—
"My pretty maiden, if you'll agree,
You shall always amble through life with me."

IV.

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the gray mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

V.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
The gallant behind and the lass before:—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

VI.

Quoth he, "If my nag was better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide,
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail!"

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

"She is far from the Land."

IT has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard;—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate—or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape—even with the implied inducements of matrimony—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking, a cat-like antipathy to water, in the lady constitution, (as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne,) that seems to forbid such sea adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter in Hampshire, for example, and a Judge's son of Calcutta, there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed.

How have I felt and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen, about to set her first foot upon the stage: but it can be nothing to a maiden's début on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell; crowded boxes—not filled with living Beauty and Fashion,

but departing luggage. Not the mere noisy Gods of the gallery to encounter—but those more boisterous, of the wind and wave. And then, all before her, the great salt-water Pit!

As I write this, the figure of Miss Oliver rises up before me, just as she looked on her first introduction, by the Neptune, to the Ocean. It was her first voyage—and she made sure would be her last. Her storms commenced at Gravesend—her sea began much higher up. She had qualms at Blackwall. At the Nore, she came to the mountain-billows of her imagination; for however the ocean may disappoint the expectation from the land, on shipboard, to the uninitiated, it hath all its terrors. The sailor's capful of wind was to her a Northwester. Every splash of a wave shocked her, as if each brought its torpedo. The loose cordage did not tremble and thrill more to the wind than her nerves. At every tack of the vessel, on all-fours—for she would not trust to her own feet and the outstretched hand of courtesy—she scrambled up to the higher side. Her back ached with straining against the bulwark, to preserve her own and the ship's perpendicular: her eyes glanced right, left, above, beneath, before, behind, with all the alacrity of alarm. She had not organs enough of sight, or hearing, to keep watch against all her imagined perils; her ignorance of nautical matters, in the mean time, causing her to mistake the real sea-dangers for subjects of self-congratulation. It delighted her to understand that there were barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground,—her notion had been that the whole sea was bottomless. When the ship struck upon a sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe she would have been as well contented if our Neptune had been pedestaled upon a rock—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old

terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with the former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension:

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder-clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulph her;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation:—
All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;
Every thing wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer—

With inward uneasiness;
The cook, known by greasiness,
The victuals beslubber'd,
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatch'd in her listening,
Blue lights and red lights,
And mention of dead lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of,—
And *buoys* in the water
To fear all exhort her;
Her friend no Leander;
Herself no sea gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet;
The breeze still a-stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence;
Every thing sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her,
Sirens a dirgeing her,
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us!"

The rest of the voyage was occupied—excepting one bright interval—with the sea malady and sea horrors. We were off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land; and, once under the shadow of the bluff promontory, we should lose all the advantage of a saving westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious: but the passengers (save one) were in despair. They were, already, bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormorants and water-fowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine: she was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles: her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity—it was like a lightening before death;—but, at length, the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort we knew not of. Not brandy—for that we shared in common; nor supplications—for these we had all applied to; but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain—and it had all the sound to her of a comfortable promise—that, "if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore.*"

"COME O'ER THE SEA."

The Stag-eyed Lady.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

ALI BEN ALI (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within *harms* length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
  Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
  Grew downward like old women and cow's tail:
Being a sign of age—some gray appear'd,
  Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
  His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
  To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
  When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
  Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
  All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
  And drummed with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
  Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
  Boyed up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
  He made so certain ere his chicken came:
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins,
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
Oh! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of the royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!

But not her words, or e'en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doom'd to have *a winding sheet of water*.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light;
And all look d downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
Her *aqua*line nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave
The *Mussul*man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This grayish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

"MY BANKS THEY ARE FURNISHED."

Walton Redivivus.

A NEW-RIVER ECLOGUE.

"My old New River hath presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook."—*From a Letter of C. Lamb.*

[Piscator is fishing, near the Sir Hugh Middleton's Head, without either basket or can. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.]

Via. Good morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours agone since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide through without a nibble. But then the weather was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No—I bait with gentles.

Pis. It is a good taking bait: though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why, this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is a six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What! are there no dace, nor perch?—

Pis. I doubt not but there have been such fish in former ages. But now-a-days there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one Angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em!—A New-River fish, now-a-days, cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things, for man's populousness to terminate other breeds. As the proverb says, "The more Scotchmen the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

Pis. Aye, and withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this?—I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, and they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odour hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco, to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore, a new box will be indispensable, though for my own practice I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray, mark this :—and in the mean time I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden: and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle—for here is at least a good ounce of swanshots upon your line. It is overcharged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am only used to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There. The fault is amended. And now, observe,—you must watch your cork very narrowly, without even an eye-wink another way;—for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already!—my float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that housemaid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'Tis a shame so to interrupt the honest Angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in!

Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so—and then restored again by the Surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that dragging of souls back again, that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

Pis. It is a doubtful point;—for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the Doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry! 'tis pity such knaves' lungs were ever puffed up again! It was good tobacco-smoke ill-wasted. Oh! how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse! Surely it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts in my head before!

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream. How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here—and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other side of the City Road. Come, let's across. Nay, we'll put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for at this bridge in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No; but hereabouts 'tis likely the gudgeons will be gorged. Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebrook. What a balmy wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair.

Via. For my part, I smell nothing but dead kittens—for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it, to my phantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks, I have had myself such a mysterious being before I beheld the light,—my dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eye-sight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the Creation, there was such a kind of blindman's-buff work. The atoms jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we

were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line; and then, with your fish at the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 'tis like swimming a kite!

Via. It should be pretty sport—but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water!—Holla!—I have catch'd a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well,—and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is! Ah, he is gone!

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish; and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go: it would be labour wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'Tis the commonest of Anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth, and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our Art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them. For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves—like a housewife's needle-book,—they are admirably adapted to our purpose, and manifestly intended by Nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably resolved—for, in truth, I have had some misgivings. Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down, and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let every thing hang loose, and time, too, will sit easy.

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale! I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern; but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.

PISCATOR.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to go more frankly in. Let us put up then. By my

halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook; and yet I have never felt him bite.

Pis. 'Tis only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace, then,—besides the great one that was lost among the grass. I am glad on't, for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

A New Life-preserver.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes."—OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a Traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence—to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting, (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist,) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right-hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left, the frizzle top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W—— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint was overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houhyhnms. From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them, down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the mean time, frying in a midsummer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable graybeard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity,

made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

"Love Me, love my Dog."

SEEMS, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I expected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D. amongst all his celebrated fox-hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species; I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull-dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings. A dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have *my* extremity served so—even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection—rat-catchers, butchers and bull-baiters, tinkers and blind mendicants, beldames and witches. A slaughterman's tulip-eared puppy is as likely to engage one's liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

"Love me," says Mother Sawyer, "love my dog."

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression: in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable confession. I forget what pretty Countess it was, who made confession of her tenderness for a certain sea-captain, by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder (as the virulence of the small-pox is abated after passing through the constitution of a cow) by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress—perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours—fell suddenly to romping, merely through the maiden's playfulness with Obadiah's terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality,—and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight's gallantry was spared the reproach of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute's ally.

My stepmother Hubbard and myself were not on visiting terms for many years. Not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other—to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia: my second-hand parent even persuaded herself that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion on both sides,—but the scapegoat died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favourite.—My stepmother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incongruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keepsake—no

"POOR-TRAY CHARMANT."

favourite of a dear deceased friend;—ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake,—not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew,—not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even, to make him a welcome object; and yet, if my relation had been requested to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered in the very spirit of Cornelia,—"There is my Bijou."

Conceive, Reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog's—his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head:—a body like a barrel-churn, on four short bandy legs,—as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed,—terminating in a tail like a rabbit's. There is only one sound in nature, similar to his barking:—to hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a dog, but for a duck. He was fat, and scant of breath. It might have been said, that he was stuffed alive;—but his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass case to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to "stuff out his vacant garment with his form;"—to have him ever before her, "in his habit as he lived;"—but that hope was never realized.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers,—the kidnapping of the canine, as of the Negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

One evening, Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts,—but at daybreak the next morning,—stripped naked of his skin,—with a mock paper frill,—and the stump of a tobacco-pipe stuck in his nether jaw,—he was discovered, set upright against a post!

My stepmother's grief was ungovernable. Tears, which

she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph; but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."

"O LIST UNTO MY TALE OF WO!"

A Dream.

IN the figure above,—(a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another,)—I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature in the emblem belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will naturally involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images,—unnatural connexions, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousin to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream once, of this nature, that will serve well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first, and last, attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the Tragedy of my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach, and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept! but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams; I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the Drury-Lane Building, and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars, on either side of the stage, but, above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal playhouse. The wonted families were in keeping of the forespoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless namesake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critic's seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with shout and cat-call the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense, that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake—that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note-book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first act. The familiar cry of "Choose any oranges!" was then intermingled

with the murmurings of demons. The tumult grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Bashan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs. Siddons—the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical—was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem:

> "————————he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn."

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapour, now smelling of sulphur, and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage-lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and at the next moment, of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrunk from the comments of the Morning Post, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned: but whether spiritually or dramatically, the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage—a season, when, if lovers sleep sparingly,

they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honey-moon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea view secured, the rent agreed upon, when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!

"OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME."

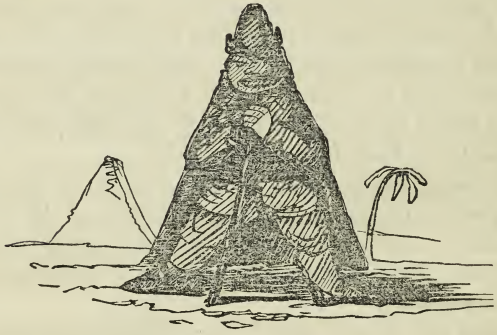
A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin more or less remote in some actual occurrence. But, from all my observation and experience, the popular notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and colour from the business or meditations of the day. It is true that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the "Retrospective Review." The mind, released from its connexion with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bride-cake laid beneath it. The charms of Di Vernon have faded, with me, into a vision of Dr. Faustus; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chase by a mad bullock.

The sleeper, like the felon, at the putting on of the night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops—as it is expressively called—asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know that, by any earnest application of thought, we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton,—"from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,"—to obtain but one glorious vision from the "Paradise Lost;" to Spenser, to purchase but one magical reflection—a Fata Morgana—of the "Faery Queen!" I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of Early Rising, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable parodies of "Lear,"

"Hamlet," and "Othello,"—to say nothing of the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Phantasy,"—that could command the representation of either of those noble dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality of a dream?

For horrible fancies, merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr. Fuseli. I mean a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.



"MY NATURE IS SUBDUED TO WHAT IT WORKS IN."

Opium I have never tried, and, therefore, have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the commonplace inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers,—an Inquisitorial penance—everlasting tedium—the Mind's treadmill!

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal pursued by hounds;

sometimes a bird, torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even Fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another nowl upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind, or deprived of any sense.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an interesting question, on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me, and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz.:—How does a blind man dream? I mean a person with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty, which, of all others, is most active in those night passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures, that, like the slides of a magic lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments, whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it a still benighted wandering—a pitch-dark night progress—made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string? —regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our romantic flights; at

other times, with homely voices and more familiar odours; here, of rank-smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street. Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,—palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence,—or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall; the same who made that notable comparison, of scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed,—dull dogs,—without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch; but *that*, he said, was a slovenly, uncertain method, and in the chief article of Paintings not allowed to be exercised.

On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculous close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me, the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explanation; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the "Tattler," of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his

father from his mother—his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get in one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

> ——— communities of senses,
> To chop and change intelligences.
> As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
> Can *see with ears*—and hear with noses."

SPRING AND FALL.

PANDEANS.

The Sea-spell.

"*Cauld, cauld,* he lies beneath the deep."—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

I.

IT was a jolly mariner!
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his tail against the wind,
And turned his boat to sea:
The ink-black sky told every eye,
A storm was soon to be!

II.

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

III.

His hat was new, or, newly glaz'd,
Shone brightly in the sun;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun;
His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

IV.

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss!

V.

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way!
A boat, they say, has canvass wings,
But cannot fly away!
Though like a merry singing-bird,
She sits upon the spray!

VI.

Still east by south the little boat,
With tawny sail kept beating:
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting:
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

VII.

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath;

Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

VIII.

The boatman looked against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

IX.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

X.

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

XI.

The sea-fowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

XII.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

XIII.

The rushing brine flowed in apace:
His boat had ne'er a deck;
Fate seemed to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

XIV.

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.—

XV.

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake,
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst,
The monster he must take!

XVI.

Ah, me! it was a dreary mount!
Its base as black as night,

Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright!

XVII.

With quaking sails the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep;
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

XVIII.

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide!

XIX.

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
Her ballast lies a-lee!
The sheets to windward taught and stiff!
Oh! the Lively—where is she?
Her capsized keel is in the foam,
Her pennon 's in the sea!

XX.

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge!
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

XXI.

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and covered all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall,
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul.*

"DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM."

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT!"

Faithless Nelly Gray.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs—
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!"

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

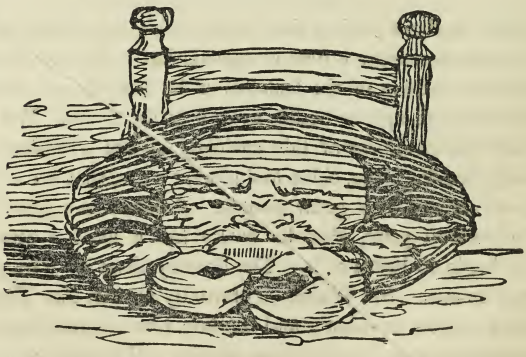
THE BARD OF HOPE.

Fancy Portraits.

MANY authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know something of the features of its favourites:—it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentleman has proved in print, that he really has a head, a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes. Sir Walter is eternally sitting, like Theseus, to some painter or other; and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr. Galt had barely been announced in the second edition,

when he was requested to allow himself to be taken "in one minute;" Mr. Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr. Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors.

The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater; it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hook nose of the Author of Sayings and Doings, or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaac Walton. It is gratified in dwelling on the repulsive features of a Newgate ordinary; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the Author of the Angel of the World. The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists to a fault; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favoured man meets with good countenance; but when people are plain and hard-featured, (like the poor, for instance,) we grind their faces,—an expression, I am convinced, that refers to physiognomical theory.



MR. CRABBE.

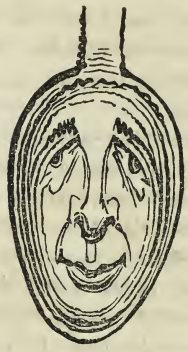
For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music—at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenologist, affect me not; but I am not proof against a pleasant or villainous set of features. Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose (not my own, but that of the other party) —in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition,—nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author, is worse than anonymous. As in a churchyard, you may look on any number of ribs and shin-bones, as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a skull near hand, it claims the relics at once,—so it is with the author's head-piece in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The Arcadia, for instance, I know is none of mine—it belongs to that young fair gentleman, in armour, with a ruff.

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that in default of an authentic resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye—a Fancy Portrait. A few examples of contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown!—the Roc of Literature!—but he keeps his head, like Ben Lomond, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of Christabel, and the Ancient Marinere!—but I have been mocked with a dozen images, confusing each other, and indistinct as water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of Hessian boots highly

polished, or what the ingenious Mr. Warren would denominate his "Aids to Reflection!"



MR. BOWLES.

THE AUTHOR OF BROAD GRINS.

I was more certain of the figure, at least, of Dr. Kitchener, (p. 26,) though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me have recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr. Bowles occurred to me, as in a mirror,—by a tea-table suggestion; Colman's at the same service; and Mr. Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope—the Laureate of promise and expectation—

occurred to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon, in a midnight dream, (p. 84,) and made out the full length of the juvenile Graham, from a hint of Mr. Hilton's.

At a future season, I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy Portraits.

ANACREON, JUNIOR.

The Morning Call.

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveller than the approach to *Bedfordshire*. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow; the fleecy clouds seem like blankets; the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming-pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His travelling-cap transforms to a nightcap; the coach-lining feels softlier squabbed; the guard's horn plays "Lullaby." Every flower by the roadside is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up stairs. The lady opposite is the chambermaid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great Bed, a whole County of Down spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in a similar mood, after a long, dusty, droughty dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin, at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, yawned for a glass of negus, swallowed it with my eyes shut, as though it had been "a pint of nappy," surrendered my boots, clutched a candlestick, and blundered, slipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep: and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me: I saw through a drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster: "Great Nature's second course" was spread before me;—and I fell to without a long grace!

Here's a body—there's a bed!
There's a pillow—here's a head!
There's a curtain—here's a light!
There's a puff—and so Good Night!

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words on the occasion; for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning, to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part, I must have slept as fast as a cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber:—nay, as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post-coach in my four-poster—or, rather, I must have slept "like winkin," for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried—"Sleep no more!"

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, whilst through the keyhole a ray of candlelight darted into my chamber.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, your honour; I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I've oversleeped myself, and the coach be gone by!"

"The devil it is!—then I have lost my place!"

"No, not exactly, your honour. She stops a bit at the Dragon, 'tother end o' the town; and if your honour wouldn't object to a bit of a run—"

"That's enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat."

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—

pocketed my nightcap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, and found myself in the fresh air of the stable yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horse-pond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

"And you call this waking me up for the coach. My waistcoat!—Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and be hanged to you!—Confound that stone!—and give me my coat. A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I'll tell—you what. If I—run—a foot—further—"

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side, certainly stood an inn with the sign of The Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from a chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the infernal somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

"Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago, and they have all gone to bed again!"

"No, there be no coach, sure enough," soliloquized Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with

a deprecating expression on my face. "No, there's no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honour—but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking on her, and expecting on her, and giving notice on her, every night of my life, your honour—why I sometimes dreams on her—and that's the case as is now!"

A Legend of Navarre.

I.

'TWAS in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befell I'm going to relate,
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

II.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch liked it,—but it happened so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were "reckoning without their *host*,"

III.

Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
He seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

IV.

All night the widow'd Baroness contriv'd
To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow
Some news of such unusual sort arriv'd,
There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
From mouth to mouth it pass'd, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!

V.

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet royal;
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

VI.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
There was a secret hope she could not smother,
That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd
Against her hope, which was but for *a second.*

VII.

She almost thought that being thus bereft
Just then, was one of time's propitious touches;
A thread in such a nick so nick'd, it left
Free opportunity to be a duchess;
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

VIII.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
Look'd like their lady—any thing but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
To damp fine company; in truth they had

No time to mourn, through choking turkeys' throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

IX.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of wo!
All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle.

X.

The Monarch came: oh! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

XI.

For casting round about her eyes to find
Some one to whom her chattles to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclin'd
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

XII.

He saw at once and enter'd in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talk'd together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of *eyes*:
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

XIII.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
The courtly company began "nid noddin;"
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.

XIV.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
Held half so many underneath its roof;
It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

XV.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely;
However, there were beds enough for all;
But living bodies occupied so many,
She could not let the dead one take up any!

XVI.

The act was, certainly, not over decent:
Some small respect, e'en after death, she ow'd him,
Considering his death had been so recent;
However, by command, her servants stow'd him,
(I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

XVII.

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf;
Just like a kind accommodating host,
Taking all inconvenience on himself;

None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

XVIII.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.

THE SPARE BED.

XIX.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it opened to a little force.

XX.

He put one hand in, and began to grope;
The place was very deep, and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
He felt a something cold,—in fact, the carcase;
Right overjoyed, he laugh'd and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

XXI.

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
Determin'd on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and prob'd about the mass,
As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

XXII.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd, "murther!"

XXIII.

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawl'd enough to waken up a town;
Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

XXIV.

A hundred nightcaps gather'd in a mob,
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seem'd so dark and perilous a job;
The Baroness came trembling like a feather

Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

XXV.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

XXVI.

No passive corse—but like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanc'd, and ready to resist;
In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost!"

XXVII.

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only carv'd him kindly into life:
How soon it chang'd the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

XXVIII.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

XXIX.

The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance:
The lady died—'twas nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath:—
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak!*

"WHY DON'T YOU GET UP BEHIND?"

INFANT GENIUS.

The Progress of Art.

I.

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

II.

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Suffic'd for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

III.

Not long my eye was [illegible] thus content,
But grew more [illegible] critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

IV.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

V.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd;
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fring'd enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

VI.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-star'd her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same.)

VII.

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
That is—in Indian ink.

VIII.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and clad with snows:
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

IX.

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

X.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint;
"No holy Luke help'd me to paint,
The devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in 't!"

XI.

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene:
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

XII.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not "loveliest of the plain!"

XIII.

Her lips were of vermilion hue,
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!
A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
With evil—and it came!

XIV.

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

XV.

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint!

XVI.

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

A School for Adults.

Servant. How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.

Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?

Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

All Three. Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.

Son. O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?

1*st Old Man.* Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—

Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him! and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.

2d Old Man. You sha'n't send us, now, so you sha'n't—
3d Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'nt.—
Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school mistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All Three. Oh! oh! oh!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable;
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads; and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All Three. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias! [*Exeunt Singing.*

"THE ANTIPODES."—*By R. Brome.*

AMONGST the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults; but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers—benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realized. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance-moneys of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a

premium from the unlettered gray-beard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian,

> "With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
> Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture, notwithstanding, is realized! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet,—and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read, are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim, from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

Black Heath, November, 1827.

Deer Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Proggress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be

gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsises on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will approve my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisible to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.

With respecks to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook don't understand Maid dishes her Currys is xcrable. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him evry Day soop from Birches. I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Acounts I was a Day border, particklу as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus than his. He has took lately to Snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid Smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on acount of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly

its onely stifflind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burth Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nursry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Homesick ever since his Grandchildren cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Febbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining—like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gymnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

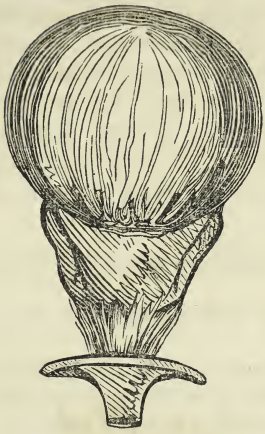
I have no more to write but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Complements with witch I remane Your deutiful and

loving Brother

S. P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont alow Puglism if he nose it among the Boys as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from pulling their Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher is cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the Frentch Master was changed on account of his Polly-ticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabbling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he cant express his Sentymints for Coffing.

"O! THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE."



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The Demon-ship.

STORIES of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well attested in both poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the phantom-ship up and down the Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs. Cunningham and Crayon; and to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels themselves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

"The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace."

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the above design. The spectre-ship, bound to Dead Man's Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the skeleton-bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befell even unto myself.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!

Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave?
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I on God to cry, or think of wife and home!
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed,
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed!

* * * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?
Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!
"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole:—
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

FANCY PORTRAIT:—CAPTAIN HEAD.

Sally Holt, and the Death of John Hayloft.

FOUR times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's, a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women—at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindliness between the two relations; hers, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerly's she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she doats upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Domine Sampson, to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unlapp'd from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed, as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes, that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant: and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible: but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always

to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperion, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and

others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—*she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair! !*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another, —till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetical to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! O dear! Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the toothache. Her lamentations were always the same even in tone. By and by she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then O dear! O dear!—and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littleton's!

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural inquiry from my Aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

"If you please, Ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair and dropping her old curtsey, "if you please, Ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead;" and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.

My Aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the

mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs:—in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupified, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair—

What the devil could my Aunt do?—

Why, nothing:—and she did it as well as she could.

PONY-ATOWSKI.

A SHOOTING TOOTH.

A True Story.

OF all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But let its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victuals there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,

Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting;
One touch of that extatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers!*

One way there is, that has been judg'd
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudg'd
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
Its paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—altho' he held his jaw.

Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By draw'rs, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arriv'd our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat prepar'd to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tunging at his eyes;
"Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numb'd his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."
"How, finish! why it's out!"—"Oh! no—
I'm none of your beforehand tippers,
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.
His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth:
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!
Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right against a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;

His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks prepar'd for Mike's attacking,
Resolv'd not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle
In word before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows
And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose;
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay:
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,

Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter;
Thus Hunks was forc'd to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learn'd man hot,—
"What! Hunks again within my door!
I'll pull his nose;" quoth Hunks, "You cannot."

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"O! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepar'd for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box,
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser lik'd the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;

The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem'd quite to turn him topsy turvy;
He utter'd pray'rs, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.
And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—"
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short, he paid and had the feature
Replac'd as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and prov'd it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So, fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandag'd up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying through the nose.'"

"WHOLESALE—RETAIL—AND FOR EXPORTATION."

The Decline of Mrs. Shakerly.

TOWARDS the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk: she kept adding growth unto her growth,

> "Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat,—(except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall*-feeding,)—on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts, in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in

her organization that was not to be overcome:—she would have fattened on sourkrout.

My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man, he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so:—he would have fallen off even on brewers' grains.

It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as "WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;" and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription,—my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child being "carried abroad."

Alas! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion—my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record, that Dr. Watts, though a puny man in person, took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to pass through a door—an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy aunt, with more show of reason, indulged in a similar delusion; she conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of ———, and my uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last an unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The Elephant of Mr. Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, throve so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be despatched. My aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe with its cause took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that Elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her chest, then in

her limbs, then all over; she felt too big for her chair—then for her bed—then for her room—then for the house! To divert her thoughts my uncle proposed to go to Paris; but she was too huge for a boat—for a barge—for a packet—for a frigate—for a country—for a continent! "She was too big," she said, "for this world—but she was going to one that is boundless."

Nothing could wean her from this belief: her whole talk was of "cumber grounds:" of the "burthen of the flesh:" and of "infinity." Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the "bulk of her personals."

In the mean time her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly: she was dying, the doctor said that, by inches.

Now my uncle was a kind husband, and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender: but when the doctor said, she was dying by inches—

"God forbid!" cried my uncle: "consider what a great big creature she is!"

BRUTE EMANCIPATION.

The Monkey-Martyr.

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERNE.

'TIS strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals—
Turn state-physicians,
And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read

Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious:
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine,—
Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop 'em.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gaz'd with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublim'd to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,

Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seemed design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclin'd—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile!

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnotic'd in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastille,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprison'd in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;

And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot,
An elephant enlarg'd,
But not discharg'd;
(It was before the elephant was shot;)
A doleful wanderow, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.
Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forc'd to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All cag'd against their powers and their wills,
And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts depriv'd of what she had intended.

They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
Thus he revolv'd—
And soon resolv'd
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw;
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger—
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas, for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

Banditti.

OF all the Saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street-missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double-drum. The preceding group was sketched from a company of these "Strolling Players."

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice

them earthward; and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony!*

In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

"To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G., and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan, in the mean time, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money: and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the mean time, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps,

that some day these gangs may be broken up, and separated, by discord amongst themselves."

Sometimes, to the eye of fancy, these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eyeballs, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and Mirth —yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.

CRANE-IOLOGY.

Craniology.

'TIS strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little poll-hills,
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,

Still there turn'd up no *organ* finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
Knew aught about its pia mater.
At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;
At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown:
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple:
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,
Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seiz'd on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men,
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science:
For of all learned themes whatever
That schools and colleges deliver,
There's none they love so near the bodles,
As analyzing their own noddles,

Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls;
For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs join'd with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending,
"The head and front of his offending,"
How that his philanthropic bump
Was master'd by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail;
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle,
The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascribed to indigestion,—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,

To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro—
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.
These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border,
To make them for some few months eternal,
Were enter'd monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows.
How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
By wearing tight hats round the temple;
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear:
And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation:
Whether shillelahs in reality
May deaden Individuality:
Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in the Amative:
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclin'd to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

"HONOUR CALLS HIM TO THE FIELD."

An Affair of Honour.

"AND those were the only duels," concluded the major, "that ever I fought in my life."

Now the major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who, after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a "sea-attorney" in the West Indies, made an end in the same fashion:—"And that was the only time," said he, "I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark."

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the major's nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist—a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability, and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in

my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows :—"To get involved in nine duels," said I : "'tis quite improbable!"

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body halfway under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels"—here my back hitched a little at the bar—"'tis quite impossible."

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world—some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents: for just at this nick, whilst I was boggling below the bar, there came up another passenger by the same path: so seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his leg over the impediment; but, mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me—where I had never been kicked before.

"By Heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through head foremost from the concussion; my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

The stranger apologized in the politest terms, but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, "to eat his heart in the market-place." In short, in two little minutes from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honour.

There is a vivid description in the history of Robinson Crusoe, of the horror of the solitary Mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the sandy beach of his Desert Island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself—in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole

of man—haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint—to be washed out, not by the ocean-brine, but with blood!

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time—nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat.

As for Gentlemen *at the Bar*, I have shown how they may get into an Affair of Honour in a twinkling.

"Nothing but Hearts!"

IT must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table, as mysterious as any in nature: I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average—whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce,—still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but Hearts!"

The figure herewith might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in by chance at the Royal Institution: a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre; every one in his solemn black. On a table, in front of the Professor, stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's,—on platters or in cloths,—were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red, (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition—a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—aye, like *that* on the Professor's plate—throbbing away, auricle and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

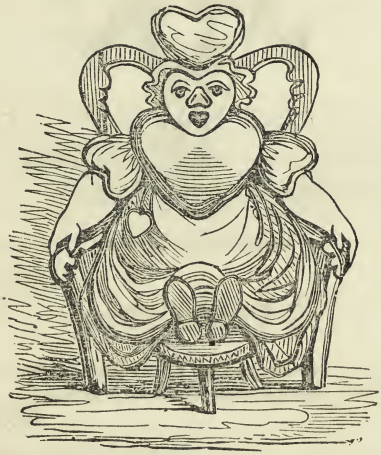
The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle, and ventricle, and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corrob-

orate this feeling—how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart; or one on heads causes a Phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed:—"my bosom's lord" lording over every thing beside. By and by, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing-pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"—nor in any lady's keeping,—but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the carriages on a birth-night—coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue, either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve,—the "pumps getting choked,"—a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W——. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature, and a romantic turn,—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance,—had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but, alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own

distempered fancy, I know not—but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape—and so did her body. Her pincushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!



"SHE IS ALL HEART."

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

A Parthian Glance.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."

ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclin'd to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game?

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper and salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER."

A HARD ROW.

The Wee Man.

A ROMANCE.

IT was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

"Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt.
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

"Good sir, you must not sit astern,
The wave will else come in!"
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
Another seat to win.

"Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!"
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
"I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?"

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
"When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*"

A Sailor's Apology for Bow-legs.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—
Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.

Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!
Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of a sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!
My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears:

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!
The chase had gain'd a mile
Ahead, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking;
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!
Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH THE NATIVES.

Pythagorean Fancies.

OF all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul, with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcass and find yourself floating above the world —in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semi-brutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm, this part of the Brahminical Doctrine! What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
His fat! *his* suet!
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
His thick flank!
And *his* thin!
His shank!
His shin!
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare,
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry;
Meanwhile with arms akimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit, without a *Co.*
The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he of his brute bodies all a-row;

Narcissus in the wave did never ponder,
With love so strong,
On his "portrait charmant,"
As our vain Butcher on his carcass yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The butcher is already half a Bull.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

Surpassing the Butcher, in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan—a wandering camel-driver and exhibiter—parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burthened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral merely, or

as an illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensation, it is above appraisement. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced—the Beast has set his seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a showman.

As there are instances of men thus transmuting into the brute, so there are brutes, that, by peculiar human manners and resemblance, seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The orang-outang, and the monkey, notoriously claim this relationship: and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example: I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event, without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the meeting of a tribe of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos, sharp-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active, as the Indians themselves;—the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except when jumping, upright in its conduct—a perfect Quaker. It confirmed me in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain Cook—buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt junketing, may drive a mariner; for my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem, "The Notorious Glutton," by Miss Taylor, of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick and dies in a very human-like way. I could never eat duck for some

time after the perusal of those verses; it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene elsewhere than in a lady's chamber—with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery-chair. The sick attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime—had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that "all was over!" with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the author of "Winter Nights."

THE LAST VISIT.

"Don't you smell Fire?"

RUN!—run for St. Clements's engine!
For the Pawnbroker 's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run!

See! there they come racing and tearing,
All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
And twinkle like stars in the sky;
It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
But I never saw water so shy!
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
They have gone—that they have—to the gas.

Only look at the poor little P——'s
On the roof—is there any thing sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
And they won't be an hour with the ladder!
But if any one's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be sav'd,
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpav'd!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
At that window, the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
Her basons, and teapots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
But they all break in breaking their fall:

Such things are not surely the best
From a two-story window to throw—
She might save a good iron-bound chest,
For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!
There! there! what a volley of flame,
And then suddenly all is obscur'd!—
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;—
But I hope the poor man is insur'd!

An Absentee.

IF ever a man wanted a flapper—no Butcher's mimosa, or catchfly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa—my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladderful of peas, or pebbles, would arouse him from some of his abstractions—fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been coffined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton, into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere—they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber—a blank doze without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies, out

of himself; he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a blue-bottle, and scratched his neighbour's leg—an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper—one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations—a proof with me that such moods result not from abstractions of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the commonplace affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver—or if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind—in many instances more extravagant—are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently, will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W—— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visiters; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence, as usual, would not allow her to decide upon that of her master. Her shrill, quavering voice went echoing up stairs with its old query,—"Mr. W——! are you within?" then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up stairs, Mrs. Bundy contriving,

as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies—a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy; the old woman's memory, in the mean time, growing torpid on a kitchen-chair. Hour after hour passed away: no teaspoon jingled, or teacup rattled; no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one Haunt of Forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the Tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware was brought up, but the herb was deficient. Mrs. Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an entertainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers to the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted, they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily,—for it was far beyond the midnight hour, when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil,—the three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob; the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs. Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted! I

could hear her step labouring on the stairs to the very last step, when, her memory serving her just as treacherously as her own forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befell the accident which I have endeavoured to record by the following sketch.

I never ate or drank with the Barmecide again!

"LAWK! I'VE FORGOT THE BRANDY!"

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

A Marriage Procession.

IT never has been my lot to marry—whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received by return of post, a scrawl, that, for aught I knew, might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer Book, or the receipt of bride-cake. It was on some such oc-

currence that I fell once, Bunyan-like, into an allegory of a wedding.

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way—in the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honourable company of Matchmakers, all mature spinsters and matrons —and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle, Scarabeus Parochialis, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplexed; of the second, simpering; and the last methought looked sedate, and as if dashed with a little fear. After the banns—like the judges following the halberts—came the joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk,— both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver, scrubbed into that fashion by his coat, at the nape. The marriage knot—borne by a ticket-porter—came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring. The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when—how shall I tell it?—I beheld, not a brace of young lovers—a Romeo and Juliet,—not a "he-moon here, and a she-sun there,"—not bride and bridegroom,—but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little foot-page. I could have forsworn my fancy for ever for

JOINERS.

so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended, perhaps, to typify, under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one,—a pair nominally, but in substance single,—which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person—a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the "sweet reluctant delay" of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed, like a nun, in her veil; tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her attendant Bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heartache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, dressed for the Honeymoon, was ushered by Hymen—a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode, or

Carmen, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits! and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every day."

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed her; but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast; and as for the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and Quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There were none came after—the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.

THE MAN IN THE HONEYMOON.

"ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME."

The Widow.

ONE widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh!
If two should meet on such a job,
They'll have a gossip by and by.
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C——— (why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss:"—

For she had lately buried then
A man, the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discover'd first
Whenever men "are at the worst."
To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep:
In fact, what human life appears,
It was a perfect "veil of tears."
Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It look'd so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!
Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hop'd to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seem'd to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,
To call upon the "dear remains,"—
Remains that could not tell a jot,
Whether she ever wept or not,

Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

He look'd quite sad and quite depriv'd,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He look'd so lone, and so *un*wiv'd,
That soon the Widow Cross contriv'd
To fall in love with even *that* band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:
So far'd it with that couple's weeping,
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête—
Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water!

The brazen vessel for a while,
Had lectur'd in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;
All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosy cup of tea;
Alas! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
But with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes:"
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about her loss,
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripp'd up the old disasters—
She might, indeed, have been suppos'd
A great *ship* owner, for she pros'd
Eternally of her Three Masters!
Thus, foolish woman! while she nurs'd
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man;
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land

She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"

A Mad Dog

IS none of my bugbears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat skeptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter; and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap-ears, dew-claws, and a brush tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes—and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits; and consider the smotherings and drownings, that have originated in that fancy, as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuit's Bark—or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

As for the Hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different—he is a

water-drinker, and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element to dive and swim, and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundlander, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a Spaniel with a Parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?

HYDROPHOBIA.

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dogmatically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if, forsooth, it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with what Lord Duberley calls his "vermicular tongue;" verily, as Izaak Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr. Gardner, want of water is prone to drive a dog mad. A reasonable saying; but the rest is not so plausible, viz., that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human kind. A crew of sailors, thirsting at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvas—any thing that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down to overheat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straight forward like a marmot—except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his ex-master—grips his trainer—takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit—and then biting right and left at the public, at last dies—a pitchfork in his eye, fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade through the small of his back.

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's—suppose some Bank Clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the Collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug-nose at pump-water—and at last, on a washing day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bite apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a-muck,

"giving tongue," all through the suburbs—and, finally, is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

According to popular theory, the mischief ends not here. The dog's master—the trainer—the friends, human and canine—the Bank Clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn:—my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my Aunt's brute. His temper, latterly, had altered for the worse, and in a sullen, or insane fit, he made a snap at the cook's radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest De Lunatico Inquirendo—he was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket; but you may bring a horse to the water, says the proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favour that he received with a mood that would have been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive. The cook alarmed, first the family, and then the neighbourhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun; a prong or two, moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen-door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance; and right opposite—at the further side of the kitchen, and holding all the army at bay—stood Hydrophobia—"in its most dreadful form!"

Conceive, Mulready! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs—the forelimbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end! Not without short wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry—but before he had accomplished

a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell—the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool—from Betty's bucket—that had settled beside the hearth.

A May-day.

I KNOW not what idle schemer or mad wag put such a folly in the head of my Lady Rasherly, but she resolved to celebrate a May-day after the old fashion, and convert Porkington Park—her Hampshire Leasowes—into a new Arcadia. Such revivals have always come to a bad end: the Golden Age is not to be regilt; Pastoral is gone out, and Pan extinct—Pans will not last for ever.

But Lady Rasherly's fête was fixed. A large order was sent to Ingram, of rustic celebrity, for nubbly sofas and crooked chairs; a letter was despatched to the Manager of the P——h Theatre, begging a loan from the dramatic wardrobe; and old Jenkins, the steward, was sent through the village to assemble as many male and female, of the barn-door kind, as he could muster. Happy for the Lady, had her Hampshire peasantry been more pig-headed and hoggishly untractable, like the staple animal of the county: but the time came and the tenants. Happy for her, had the good-natured manager excused himself, with a plea that the cottage hats and blue boddices and russet skirts were bespoke, for that very night, by Rosina and her villagers: but the day

came and the dresses. I am told that old Jenkins and his helpmate had a world of trouble in the distribution of the borrowed plumes: this maiden turning up a pug-nose, still pugger, at a faded boddice; that damsel thrusting out a pair of original pouting lips, still more spout-like, at a rusty ribbon; carroty Celias wanted more roses in their hair, and dumpy Delias more flounces in their petticoats. There is a natural tact, however, in womankind as to matters of dress, that made them look tolerably, when all was done: but pray except from this praise the gardener's daughter, Dolly Blossom,—a born sloven, with her horticultural hose, which she had *pruned* so often at top to *graft* at bottom, that, from long stockings, they had dwindled into short socks; and it seemed as if, by a similar process, she had coaxed her natural calves into her ankles. The men were less fortunate in their toilette: they looked slack in their tights, and tight in their slacks; to say nothing of Johnny Giles, who was so tight all over, that he looked as if he had stolen his clothes, and the clothes, turning King's evidence, were going to "*split* upon him."

In the mean time, the retainers at the Park had not been idle. The old mast was taken down from the old barn, and, stripped of its weathercock, did duty as a May-pole. The trees and shrubs were hung with artificial garlands; and a large marquee made an agreeable contrast, in canvas, with the long lawn. An extempore wooden arbour had likewise been erected for the May Queen; and here stood my Lady Rasherly with her daughters: my Lady, with a full-moon face, and a half-moon tiara, was Diana; the young ladies represented her Nymphs, and they had all bows and arrows, Spanish hats and feathers, Lincoln-green spencers and slashed sleeves,—the uniform of the Porkington Archery. There were, moreover, six younger young ladies—a loan from the parish school—who were to be the immediate attendants on

her Sylvan Majesty, and, as they expressed it in their own simple Doric, "to *shy* flowers at her *fut!*"

And now the nymphs and swains began to assemble: Damon and Phillis, Strephon and Amaryllis—a nomenclature not a little puzzling to the performers, for Delia answered to Damon, and Chloe instead of Colin,—

"And, though I called another, Abra came."

But I must treat you with a few personalities. Damon was one Darius Dobbs. He was entrusted with a fine tinsel crook, and half-a-dozen sheep, which he was puzzled to keep, by hook or by crook, to the lawn; for Corydon, his fellow-shepherd, had quietly hung up his pastoral emblem, and walked off to the sign of the Rose and Crown. Poor Damon! there he sat, looking the very original of Phillips's line,—

"Ah, silly I, more silly than my sheep,"—

and, to add to his perplexity, he could not help seeing and hearing Mary Jenks, his own sweetheart, who, having no lambs to keep, was romping where she would, and treating whom she would with a kindness by no means sneaking. Poor Darius Dobbs!

Gregory Giles was Colin; and he was sadly hampered with "two hands out of employ;" for, after feeling up his back and down his bosom and about his hips, he had discovered that, to save time and trouble, his stage-clothes had been made without pockets. But

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and, accordingly, he soon set Colin's fingers to work so busily, that they twiddled off all the buttons from his borrowed jacket.

Strephon was nothing particular, only a sky-blue body on

a pair of chocolate-coloured legs. But Lubin was a jewel! He had formerly been a private in the Baconfield Yeomanry, and therefore thought proper to surmount his pastoral uniform with a cavalry cap! Such an incongruity was not to be overlooked. Old Jenkins remonstrated, but Lubin was obstinate; the steward persisted, and the other replied with a "positive negative;" and, in the end, Lubin went off in a huff to the Rose and Crown.

The force of *two* bad examples was too much for the virtue of Darius Dobbs: he threw away his crook, left his sheep to any body, and ran off to the ale-house, and, what was worse, Colin was sent after him, and never came back!

A MAY-DUKE.

The chief of the faithful shepherds, who now remained at

the Park, was Hobbinol—one Josias Strong, a notorious glutton, who had won sundry wagers by devouring a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting. He was a big lubberly fellow, that had been born great, and had achieved greatness, but had not greatness thrust upon him. It was as much as he could do to keep his trowsers—for he was at once clown and pantaloon—down to the knee, and more than he could do to keep them up to the waist; and, to crown all, having rashly squatted down on the lawn, the juicy herbage had left a stain behind, on his calimancoes, that still occupies the "greenest spot" in the memoirs of Baconfield.

There were some half-dozen of other rustics to the same pattern; but the fancy of my Lady Rasherly did not confine itself to the humanities. Old Joe Bradley, the blacksmith, was Pan; and truly he made a respectable satyr enough, for he came half drunk, and was rough, gruff, tawny and brawny, and bow-legged, and hadn't been shaved for a month. His cue was to walk about in buckskins, leading his own billy-goat, and he was followed up and down by his sister Patty, whom the wags called *Patty Pan*.

The other Deity was also a wet one—a triton amongst mythologists, but Timothy Gubbins with his familiars,—the acknowledged dolt of the village, and remarkable for his weekly slumbers in the parish church. It had been ascertained that he could neither pipe, nor sing, nor dance, nor even keep sheep, so he was stuck with an urn under his arm, and a rush crown, as the God of the fish-pond,—a task, simple as it was, that proved beyond his genius, for, after stupidly dozing a while over his vase, he fell into a sound snoring sleep, out of which he cold-pigged himself by tumbling, urn and all, into his own fountain.

Misfortunes always come pick-a-back. The Rose and Crown happened to be a receiving-house for the drowned,

under the patronage of the Humane Society, wherefore the *Water God* insisted on going there *to be dried;* and Cuddy, who pulled him out, insisted on going with him! These two had certainly some slight excuse for walking off to the ale-house, whereas Sylvio thought proper to follow them without any excuse at all!

This mischance was but the prelude of new disasters. It was necessary, before beginning the sports of the day, to elect a MAY QUEEN, and, by the influence of Lady Rasherly, the choice of the lieges fell upon Jenny Acres, a really pretty maiden, and worthy of the honour; but, in the mean time, Dolly Wiggins, a brazen strapping dairy-maid, had quietly elected herself,—snatched a flower-basket from one of the six Floras, strewed her own path, and, getting first to the royal arbour, squatted there firm and fast, and persisted in reigning as QUEEN in her own right. Hence arose civil and uncivil war,—and Alexis and Diggon, being interrupted in a boxing match in the Park, adjourned to the Rose and Crown to have it out; and as two can't make a ring, a round dozen of the shepherds went along with them for that purpose.

There now remained but five swains in Arcadia, and they had five nymphs apiece, besides Mary Jenks, who divided her favour equally amongst them all. There should have been next in order a singing match on the lawn, for a prize, after the fashion of Pope's Pastorals; but Corydon, one of the warblers, had bolted, and Palemon, who remained, had forgotten what was set down for him, though he obligingly offered to sing "Tom Bowling" instead. But Lady Rasherly thought proper to dispense with the song, and there being nothing else, or better, to do, she directed a movement to the marquee, in order to begin, though somewhat early, on the collation. Alas! even this was a failure. During the time of Gubbins's ducking, the Queen's coronation, and the box-

ing match, Hobbinol, that great greedy lout, had been privily in the pavilion, glutting his constitutional voracity on the substantials, and he was now lying insensible and harmless, like a gorged boa constrictor, by the side of the table. Pan, too, had been missing, and it was thought he was at the Rose and Crown,—but no such luck! He had been having a sly pull at the tent tankards, and from half drunk had got so whole drunk, that he could not hinder his goat from having a butt even at Diana herself, nor from entangling his horns in the table-cloth, by which the catastrophe of the collation was completed!

The rest of the fête consisted of a succession of misfortunes which it would be painful to dwell upon, and cruel to describe minutely. So I will but hint, briefly, how the fragments of the banquet were scrambled for by the Arcadians—how they danced afterwards round the May-pole, not tripping themselves like fairies, but tripping one another—how the Honourable Miss Rasherly, out of idleness, stood fitting the notch of an arrow to the string—and how the shaft went off of itself, and lodged, unluckily, in the calf of one of the capers. I will leave to the imagination, what suits were torn past mending, or soiled beyond washing—the lamentations of old Jenkins—and the vows of Lady Rasherly and daughters, that there should be no more May-days at Porkington. Suffice it, that night found *all* the Arcadians at the Rose and Crown: and on the morrow, Diana and her Nymphs were laid up with severe colds—Dolly Wiggins was out of place—Hobbinol in a surfeit—Alexis before a magistrate—Palemon at a surgeon's—Billy in the pound—and Pan in the stocks, with the fumes of last night's liquor not yet evaporated from his gray gooseberry eyes.

WHITE BAIT.

Ode to the Cameleopard.

WELCOME to Freedom's birthplace—and a den!
Great Anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then,
So dwindling at the tail!—
In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!
Has one pair gallopp'd, whilst the other trotted,
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard up-hill chase,
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
And yet thou seem'st prepar'd in any case,
Tho' they had lost the race,
To win it by a neck!

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—
Or go a-birdnesting amongst the rooks?
How kindly nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

AFRICAN WRECKERS.

Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
What secrets thou mightst tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
For instance, of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,

Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
Or Clapperton, to thine
In that same line,
If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em!

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
And then made free of negro corporations!
Poor wretches saved from cast-away three-deckers—
By sooty wreckers—
From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park!
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the *insides* of Africa's Interior!

UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION.

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!
Admir'd by noble, and by royal tongues!
May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity;—
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
Alas! they'll wear him out!—
So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
When he is stuffed with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!

Ode to Dr. Hahnemann, the Homœopathist.

WELL, Doctor,
Great concoctor
Of medicines to help in man's distress;
Diluting down the strong to meek,
And making ev'n the weak more weak,
"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—
Founder of a new system economic,
To druggists any thing but comic;
Fram'd the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
At profits, like thy doses, very small;
To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—
And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
"To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
Or, well as can expected be, with such
A style of practice, liberally giving
"A sum of more to that which had too much?"
Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?
Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?
Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
And tell me honestly without a diddle,
Does an attenuated dose of rosin
Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle?*
Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,
Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges?*"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
A soldier pillow'd on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cock'd-hat adorns his head,
In short, a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
To cure a horrid gaping wound,
Made by a ball that weigh'd a pound,
If he well pepper'd it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
Within a *rope*,
Might friends not hope
To cure him with a *string?*
Suppose his breath arriv'd at a full stop,
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
Restore him?
Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping to left and right,
And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
Terrific sounds,
The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
Now, might not "the last taste in life" of *bark*,
Stop his *bow-wow-ing?*
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
He took "*a hair*
Of the dog that bit him?"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
In evident emotion,
Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
Owning those symptoms queer—
Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,
Can any thing in life be more pathetic
Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—
But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dos'd
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darken'd room!
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that covenet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,

Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head !—
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges;
There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging Malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial ?

Oh ! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,
And cry together, half and half,
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
To think, whilst I have crow'd like chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gush'd with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism
Perchance, on thy system, I have giv'n
A pang, superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
" She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow !"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
Inserting a few serious words by stealth;
Above all price of wealth
The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.
A heavenly gift within a holy shrine !
To be approach'd and touch'd with serious fear,
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine !

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diploma'd name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuffbox, powder'd wig, and block,
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforc'd the dial,
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen.

Take my advice, 'tis giv'n without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,
Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,
To help the interest of quacking Burkes;
Aid not in murdering ev'n widows' mites,—
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
I had not said so much, but that I feel
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

The Fresh Horse.

STONE HENGE has always been a mystery to Antiquarians, and a puzzle to mechanics and engineers to conceive how such huge masses of stone were transported, and erected, in their celebrated locality. For my own part, I am no antiquarian, but I fully shared in the surprise of the practical men, on one day discovering a Quaker, seated in a four-wheel chaise, without any horse, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. It was a matter of course to stare at him as at a fly in amber, and "wonder how the devil he got there." A member of the society of Friends, could hardly look for friends in such a place; a Quaker might sit long enough in such a region, however silent, without any hope of a Quaker's meeting: it seemed, however, to be a matter of familiar occurrence to the gentleman in drab, who sat as placid and unconcerned in his vehicle, as if he had been at the desk of a snug counting-house in Mincing Lane. Instead of a Price Current, he held in his hand a slender pamphlet, which was probably a religious tract, for whenever his eyes left the paper, they invariably took an upward look, before taking a sweep of the wide verdant horizon. At the first glance it occurred to me that his horse had bolted; but a nearer examination corrected my error: the collar was lying on the ground; the long reins beside it: the shafts were whole, and uninjured; not a single strap was broken, but regularly unbuckled. I felt completely in the dark. Horses are occasionally taken out of carriages, when the mob is in the humour to act as their substitutes; but Salisbury Plain is perhaps the very last place in England for

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one to look for popularity. Determined to fathom the mystery, I rode up to the phenomenon, and, with a polite apology, begged to tender my best services, in a case I could not help fearing was one of emergency. The offer was well received, but my assistance declined in the quiet and laconic style supposed to be peculiar to the taciturn sect which owns Fox for its founder.

"I thank thee, friend,—but there is no need."

"I am happy to hear it," I replied, "I was in fear——"

"Friend, we ought to fear nothing but sin."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but——"

"Thou hast not offended."

"It occurred to me, that possibly your present position was the result of some accident——"

"Friend, there is no such thing as *accident*:—all is *Providence.*"

I confess I felt rather skeptical on the subject; there seemed so little of a heavenly dispensation in being planted in his peculiar situation. I could not help thinking, that if one might desire a blessing, ten thousand worldly advantages were preferable to the doubtful one of sitting in a chaise, without a horse, in such a vicinity. In the mean time, the Quaker resumed his reading; and gave me leisure to look all round, with the inward conviction of seeing some stout, sedate, elderly nag grazing soberly, by permission, on the abundant herbage. I was still mistaken; there was nothing to be seen, excepting a few sheep, within the whole range of the horizon. My curiosity increased; I could neither make up my mind to ride off, nor to again accost the taciturn Quaker, who seemed more deeply absorbed than ever in his tract. At last, as he paused, apparently to digest the contents of the last page he had been reading, I ventured on a fresh attack.

"I am afraid, sir, that while you have been engaged with

your book, your horse has strayed farther off than you are aware of."

"I thank thee, friend," said the man of few words, turning over a new leaf,—"my horse is in sure hands;"—and again he buried his mind in the pamphlet. Quaker as he was, I felt somewhat piqued at his quietism, and accordingly determined to oblige him to speak to the matter in hand.

"Possibly, sir," said I, "your horse has cast a shoe, and you have sent him to the next blacksmith's?"

The Quaker read on.

"If so," I continued, "I congratulate you on possessing a book to amuse your leisure."

No answer.

"I wish"—raising my voice—"that I could anticipate better weather for you, sir, than the clouds seem to threaten. I'm very much afraid we shall have a storm."

Still mute as a fish.

"It was once my misfortune," said I, getting quite provoked, "to be caught in one, just about this very spot:—and I assure you, sir, it was very far from pleasant."

Mum as ever.

"What was worse, sir, I got benighted;—and there can't be a wretcheder place in all England for such a dilemma. I was six hours adrift, at the very least, on this infernal waste."

I might as well have talked to Stone Henge itself. The perverse Foxite kept his lips hermetically sealed; and I had gathered up the reins, turned my horse's head, and was about to ride off in a huff, when his voice unexpectedly saluted me.

"Friend, I wish thee a good journey."

It was on the tip of my tongue, according to the common rejoinder, to "wish him the same;" but the absurdity was too palpable, considering his means of travelling; and as it was a question of some difficulty what aspiration to offer,

under such circumstances, I found myself reduced to a very awkward silence. In the days or realms of enchantment, it would have been otherwise; for instance, one might have wished him a pair of flying dragons, or a team of peacocks, or turned half-a-dozen of the field-mice into as many cream-coloured Arabians;—but as wishing has lost all magical power, I was just on the point of merely lifting my hat, as a farewell courtesy, when he again addressed me.

"Friend, shouldst thou meet the man who hath my horse, I will thank thee to bid him make good speed with the work in hand."

"With the greatest pleasure, sir, provided you will favour me with the means of recognising them."

"Friend, thou canst not err. The brute creature hath three white legs,—with what is called a blaze on his forehead,—and a long tail, undocked by the cruel abomination of shears. Respecting the rider, I cannot speak, seeing that I did not take the particulars of his outward man."

"I think, sir, I should know your horse:—but is it possible, my good sir, you can have entrusted him to an utter stranger?"

"Thou shalt hear, friend,"—and stowing away his book, clasping his hands over his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs round each other, the Quaker began his relation. The boy Jonathan, he said, had lately been sorely extravagant in the articles of oats and beans for his horse, whereof followed not only waste and cost, but likewise the brute creature, according to the Scripture, waxed fat and kicked. Whence it came to pass, amongst other trials and sufferings, for the head-strong spirit of viciousness to possess itself so powerfully of the horse, just at midway of his journey, there or thereabouts, as to be beyond all controlling with the leather contrivances. Whereupon he had resigned himself inwardly to the power

of grace, which had sent present help in need, namely, by raising up a man out of a bush, an utter stranger, indeed, but a Christian, with bowels of mercy, who had grappled the wilful one by the head; moreover, undertaking, before proceeding further, to abate the violent temper thereof, by abundant galloping to and fro upon the plain.

I suppose an involuntary smile must have played across my features at this part of the story, for the worthy Quaker evidently penetrated my thought, and in truth I had my doubts upon the case.

"I perceive, friend, thou thinkest I have entrusted my horse to one of the wicked ones:—but thou ought to have a more charitable opinion of thy brethren in the flesh. I feel as secure of the brute creature, as if I had him here between my thighs. It would have done thee good to see the honest man, how he wrought with him, at peril of his own life and limb, as well as to hear his comfortable discourse. I remember his very words. 'Only sit still in the shay,' he saith, 'and keep your mind easy;—he's wonderful fresh at present, but I'm used to the sort,—and when you get him in the shafts again, you won't know him from a mouse.'"

The mention of a mouse, from some sort of association with smelling a rat, here overcame my risible muscles, and my comment on the story took the form of a violent fit of laughter, in which, from mere sympathy, the good-humoured Quaker very heartily joined.

"It was, verily," he said, "a ludicrous speech enough, to compare a four-footed animal so large, with one so small:—but nevertheless, friend, the poor honest man was quite in earnest. Sundry times he brought the horse unto me, to show his manner of snorting, and whinnying, and uplifting his heels. 'It's about as peppery a one,' he saith, 'as I ever took in hand: but only sit easy in the shay, and I'll have it

all out of him, if I gallop him all down to Salisbury and back.'"

"You are sure, sir, he said back?"

"Friend, thou art relapsing into thy uncharitableness;—and if, as St. Paul saith, we lack charity——"

"Excuse me, sir—but I cannot help thinking that a few turns, under your own eye, would have been quite as efficacious, in taking the freshness out of your horse, as a gallop right on and till he was out of sight."

"It is that very argument, friend, which stirs up my concern. I have sore fears that the vicious horse hath run away with the honest man!"

"And for my part, sir, I have fears too,—that the vicious man has run away with the honest horse."

The benevolent Quaker gazed earnestly at me for a minute, shook his head, pulled out the tract again from his pocket, hemmed, put on his spectacles, hemmed again, and forthwith, in a most solemn tone, commenced an extempore sermon on the text of "Judge not, lest ye be judged." As I had lay appointments of some importance, I found myself obliged to interrupt him in the middle of his homily;—and with an appropriate apology, and a reiteration of the hope which had given occasion to the lecture, I took my leave. To a man of the world, I need not say which of us proved to be in the right; but for the sake of the children of simplicity, I will give the sequel. About a year afterwards, I encountered our worthy Quaker at a public meeting in the metropolis; and he shook his head the moment he saw me.

"Thou wast correct, friend," he said, "alas, too correct, in thy judgment of the honest man upon Salisbury Plain. Of a surety, it was a fresh horse that drew me thither;—and verily, I was necessitated to buy me a *fresh* horse to draw me back again."

An Intercepted Despatch.

THERE is no subject more deplored in polite circles than the notorious rudeness of what is called *Civil* war. Suavity, it must be confessed, has little to do with its sharp practice; but of course the adjective was prefixed ironically; or intended only to refer to that spurious kind of civility which is professed in domestic feuds, when "my dear" is equivalent to "my devil."

It is a question, however, worthy of an enlightened age, whether Civil War might not be literally civilized, and carried on with a characteristic courtesy. Lumps, thank to the sugar-bakers, have been refined—and why not blows?

Intestinal strife, as at present waged, is a frightful anomaly. It runs counter to every association—moral or anatomical. A well-regulated mind must be unable to connect the idea of polite hostilities with an unmannerly soldiery. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive an Urban Guard devoid of urbanity.

A civil war, to deserve the name and satisfy the Fancy, must have for Commander in Chief, on either side, a finished Gentleman—if of the Old School, the better—as devoted to the *suaviter in modo*, as to the *fortiter in re*. With a punctilious sense of the bland nature of the strife he is engaged in, he will make politeness the order of the day. The password will be "Sir Charles Grandison;" and should he feel compelled to publicly deliver his sentiments, he will make a genteel address do duty for an offensive manifesto. Every officer under him will rank for complaisance and amenity with a Master of the Ceremonies. His dragoons, with their best behaviours, will be mounted on well-bred horses: his cuiras-

siers as polished as their corslets, and as finely tempered as their swords. His infantry, all regulars, will adhere to the standards of propriety, as well as to the regimental colours: the artillery will adopt the tone of good society,—and the band will play the agreeable.

To prove that such a prospect is not altogether Utopian, I am happily enabled to make public the following letter, which develops at least the germ of a new system, that may hereafter make Civil War no more a misnomer than Polite Literature. It is dated from Castille *Senior*, and addressed to a public Functionary at Madrid.

(*Copy.*)

"Your Excellency,

"I had the honour of describing, in my last despatch, a little personal rencontre with the gallant general on the other side; and I have now the pleasure of laying before you the agreeable result of another affair, of the same nature.

"Early on the 19th instant, our picquets, with a becoming deference to their superiors, retired from the presence of a large body of cavalry, and intimated that I might shortly expect the favour of a visit. I immediately sent the light dragoons and lancers to the front, with instructions to give the gentlemen on horseback a hearty welcome, and provide as they best could for their entertainment, till I should be prepared for their reception, as well as of any friends they might bring with them. I flattered myself, indeed, that I should enjoy the company of their whole army, and they were so good as not to disappoint me. A lively cannonade quickly announced their approach by a salute, which was cordially returned from the whole of our batteries; and then a cloud of skirmishers pushed forward to our front, and com-

menced a liberal exchange of compliments with our tirailleurs. Our cavalry in the mean time had sought an introduction to their horse, which was met in the handsomest manner, and many intimacies were formed, that only ended with life. The cavalry at length retired, but evidently with regret, and many reiterated promises of soon coming again.

"Their main body now appeared moving in the best disposition towards us; whilst the rifles on the flanks paid the most marked attention to our officers, who received many substantial tokens of their regard. A closer acquaintance was now sought, with an empressment quite flattering; indeed, it was difficult to reply in adequate terms to the warmth and importunity of their offers. Perceiving that we had some very heavy guns on our right, they obligingly undertook to carry them; professing at the same time a very sincere inclination to serve our light artillery. They also wished to take charge of a hill on the left that might annoy us; but had the courtesy to resign it to Colonel Bower, on a representation that the eminence was indispensable to his views. Their cavalry also endeavoured gallantly to make a favourable impression on us; and in particular evinced a lively desire to visit some of our squares; but which, on the plea of inconvenience, we found means to decline. There had manifestly been a design of dropping in upon us unprepared, but fortunately I was enabled to foil the pleasantry, and even to turn the tables upon themselves. The enemy finally gave up every point, and handsomely offered to accommodate us with the field of battle; but feeling bound in politeness to return the visit, I ordered an advance of the whole line; and we were at once hospitably permitted to enter their lines without ceremony, and make ourselves at home in their camp. In justice to their generosity I must not omit to state that we found it abundantly provisioned—the artillery entire-

ly placed at our command—the whole baggage devoted to our use, and even the military chest left very much at our service.

"The list of casualties is not yet made up—but I am in possession of some of the details. The 19th was politely invited to a masked battery, and a succession of balls, kept up with a spirit that the regiment, and Major Smith in particular, will long remember. Cornet Bower is deeply indebted to a lancer, who helped him off his horse; and Captain Curtis is lying under a similar obligation in the hospital. Captain Flint owes the cure of his asthma to the skill of a carbineer; and Lieutenant Power was favoured with as specific a remedy for determination of blood to the head. Colonel Boult was handsomely presented with the freedom of the field, enclosed in a shell; and Major Brooke is absent, having received a pressing invitation that he could not well resist—to visit the enemy's quarters.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c., &c.

(Signed) "MANNERS.

(Countersigned) "CHESTERFIELD."

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